Syn's tail continued to flop around after being sliced off by the Roquefort general.

Too exhausted to withstand looking at the blood loss,

Syn passed out from head to toe.

The depression was overwhelming.

The hopelessness was overwhelming.

The anger and resentment towards his surroundings was overwhelming.

Every fight was starting to feel like groundhog day.

The general pulled out his fangs and started to drink from the ground.

They were now one of the same.